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Septuagesima Sunday,	Feb. 8	Ascension Day,	May 21
Sexagesima Sunday,	" 15	Whit Sunday,	" 31
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Ash Wednesday,	" 25	Corpus Christi,,	" 11
First Sunday in Lent,	Mar. 1	First Sunday in Advent	Nov. 29
Palm Sunday,	Apr. 5	Sundays after Pentecost,	25
Easter Sunday,	" 12	Christmas falls on Friday.	
Low Sunday,	" 19		

On which every Catholic who has come to the age of reason is obliged to hear Mass and to rest from servile work, unless hindered by sickness or other sufficient cause.

1. All Sundays in the year.
2. The Circumcision of Our Lord, or New Year's Day, January 1.
3. Ascension of Our Lord May 21.
4. The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, August 15.
5. All Saints, November 1.
6. The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, December 8.
7. The Nativity of Our Lord, December 25.

FAST-DAYS.

Binding on every Catholic who has reached the age of twenty-one and is not lawfully excused.

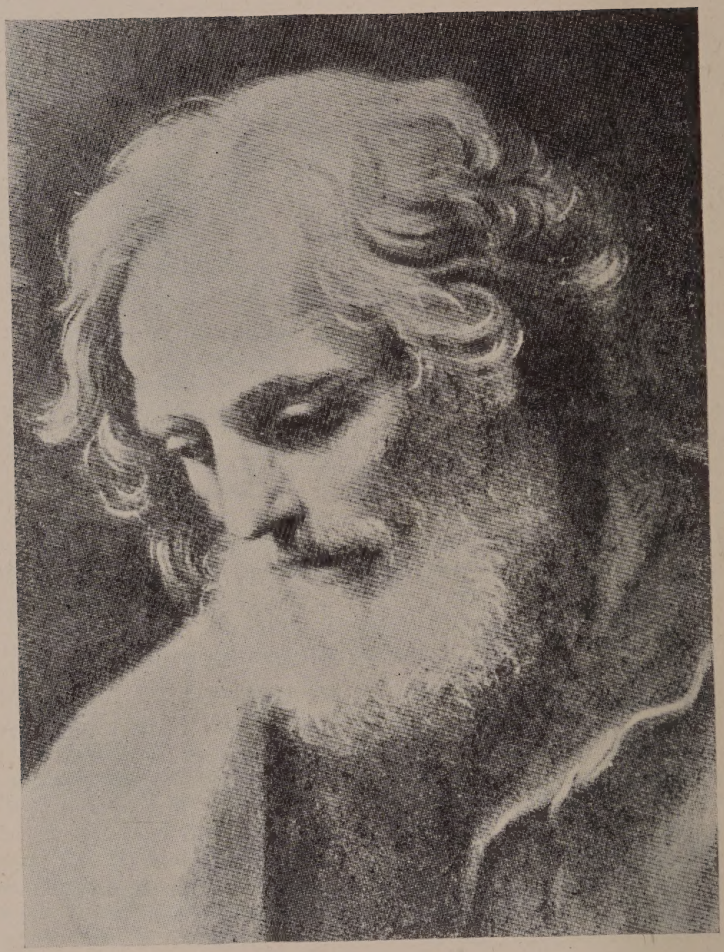
All the week-days of *Lent,* beginning on *Ash Wednesday,* Feb. 25. The *Fridays* in *Advent.* The *Ember-Days,* four times a year, *viz.,* the Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays following: 1. The first Sunday in *Lent* (March 4, 6, 7); 2. *Whitsunday* (June 3, 5, 6); 3. The fourteenth of *September* (September 16, 18 19); 4. The third Sunday of *Advent* (December 16, 18, 19). Also the vigil of Pentecost, May 30; of the Assumption, August 14; of All Saints, October 31; of Christmas, December 24. When a feast falls on Monday, the vigil is kept on the Saturday preceding.

In some dioceses the Friday of the Ember-Days is the only Friday in Advent on which there is an obligation to fast.

DAYS OF ABSTINENCE.

On which we are not allowed to eat flesh-meat.

All Fridays in the year, and all fast-days of obligation, excepting those on which the use of flesh-meat is expressly allowed by the proper authorities. Soldiers and sailors in the service of the United States however, are exempt from the rule of abstinence all through the year, excepting upon Ash Wednesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday in Holy Week, and upon the vigils of the Assumption and of Christmas. In most dioceses of the United States dispensation from abstinence is granted to the laboring classes and their household on any day, excepting Fridays, Ash-Wednesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday of Holy Week, and the vigil of Christmas.



ST. JOSEPH.

Ave, Joseph! Patron of Holy Church!

"O Splendor of the Patriarchs, pray for us!
The Father of the Faith, great Abraham,
And Noah, with his sons, Sem, Japhet, Cham,
Gave not such Hope as Joseph's royal sway.

"O Illustrous Son of David, pray for us,
Whose gallant father sang in songs so sweet
Of earth and sea and sky that were God's seat
Before the break of and dawning of the day.

"Chaste, Guardian of the Virgin, be our shield;
From danger, doubt, and sin, do thus us guard;
And all temptation's shafts from us retard;
To siren voice of sin may we ne'er yield."

The beautiful devotion as practiced in honor of St. Joseph has descended to us from the earliest days of the Church, and has been enriched by tributes from every succeeding century.

St. Chrysastom in the East, St. Ambrose in the West, St. Bernard, the oracle of the Middle Ages, have exalted St. Joseph's preeminent virtues. The pious and learned Gerson would have the world at large adopt St. Joseph as first among all patrons, as the most intimate friend and recognize him as the most potent benefactor. St. Bernardine of Sienna, loved to preach about his power and greatness and how he held in his patriachial hands the key that locked the gates of the Old Covenant and opened the portals of the New; the thrilling and infallible proclamation of Pius IX issued from the great halls of the Vatican and sounded through the world declaring St. Joseph the Protector of the Church and the Guardian of the faithful.

Wherever the light of faith was kindled, the Cross of the Redeemer raised on high, devotion to St. Joseph followed; and today this dear name is invoked at altars erected to the honor of the chaste Spouse of Mary all over the world, even in the far-off islands of the Pacific.

The infant lisps it at his mother's knee; youths and maidens pronounce it with love and reverence; the aged bending beneath the burden of years breathe with a sigh of yearning for the heavenly homeland.

There is an intimate connection between the devotion to the Blessed Virgin and that to St. Joseph. Mary is the Star of the Sea shining with a sweet serene light on the stormy ocean of life, St. Joseph is the compass pointing to that Star! Mary had high and holy privileges, rare and great were the prerogatives of St. Joseph. Mary was declared "full of grace" by the Angel Gabriel; St. Joseph was declared "just" by the Holy Ghost. Mary is the "spotless Virgin;" St. Joseph was the purest of the children of men. Mary is the mother of Jesus; Joseph was His foster-father and guardian. Mary is our advocate with our Holy Redeemer; Joseph, our special protector. Mary is the glory of Zion; Joseph, the strength of Israel. All nations call Mary blessed; Holy Mother Church invites the angelic choirs to chant the praises of St. Joseph, St. Bernard declares that Mary has never been invoked in vain; St. Teresa says that St. Joseph never rejects the petitions of those who earnestly invoke him.

Let us then, during life invoke him with loving confidence, that he may be our powerful Advocate with God, our sure Defense against Satan, and our Father and Friend when the shadows of Death draw nigh.

Hail Joseph, Son of David, Man of Justice, full of grace, Jesus and Mary are ever with thee. Thou art blessed among men and blessed is Jesus, the fruit of the womb of thy chaste spouse, Mary.

St. Joseph, Man of God, foster-father of Jesus Christ, spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary, pray for us they servants and children, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

FROM "THE CARDINAL VIRTUES."

"A well-fed man, perhaps, may venture on a little trashy food-stuff, now and again; but what becomes of him whose staple diet is trash? Ask your doctor. And if a Catholic reads promiscuously socialistic tracts, sickening love-stories, sensational murders, divorce cases, blasphemies against the Bible or against the goodness of God, but never a book of devotion or of Catholic instruction, scarce even a Catholic newspaper except for politics, will he not soon become a spiritual dyspeptic? The poison of all this bad nutriment gets into his blood; on the smallest irritation the sore breaks out, he dies to God and to His Church, and is a Catholic no longer."

Parish of the Sacred Heart, Winn, Maine

"Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit."

Winn is a small town situated on the easterly bank of the Penobscot River fifty-five miles northeast of Bangor on the Military Road from Bangor to Houlton and Fort Kent. It was at one time the head of navigation for the flat-bottomed steam boats which navigated the Penobscot Waters north of Old Town, carrying woods supplies in the Fall to the awaiting tote teams, and in the Spring bundles of hides to the tanneries which flourished along the banks of the upper Penobscot after the Civil War. Some years later, when the European and North American railroad ran its crooked way from St. John to Bangor, Winn emerged from its obscurity and won a place on the time schedule of the Railroad Company. On March 21, 1857, Winn was placed on the map of Maine, and in the year 1881 secured a hard-earned two-inch space on the pages of the Official Catholic Church Directory of the United States.

When the stranger within her gates, after riding thirty miles an hour on the Provincial Express, alights at Winn, views a rambling row of weather-beaten frame structures which hedge the Village Street, and sees the high white walls of the Catholic Church that tops the neighboring hill, he must not think that he covers, in his one glance, all of the mother parish of the Sacred Heart of which we write. Should he have come from the West he has already been within the parish limits one hour; and if from the East he has been a traveller on her soil for two hours. For the original parish of the Sacred Heart, Winn, is the largest in the diocese of Portland. Extending for ninety miles along the line of railroad from Vanceboro to Passadumkeag and averaging sixteen miles in width, it covers an area of 1440 square miles—an area larger than the State of Rhode Island. Within this territory dwell more than 1400 people who profess the Catholic faith, or one person for every square mile of land, though fortunately, they are not distributed in just that fashion; but are grouped rather in the twenty-two towns and plantations that are strewn along the banks of rivers, or appear in clearings made here and there in the forest, like oases in a desert wilderness of woods.

The section covered by the Sacred Heart parish is rich in traditions of the Aborigines. The waters that drain the valleys of the Penobscot, Mattawamkeag and Baskehegan Rivers, were once the highway of travel over which the Penobscot barnch of the Abenakis Indians came and went to hold intercourse and council with tribal neighbors on the St. Croix waters and on the St. John.

From where the Baskehegan flows down from the East as a tributary to the Mattawamkeag and finally mingles its waters with those of the more majestic Penobscot, there is a short Carry into the Grand Lakes, and once launched upon the bosom of the lakes, which spread afar like inland seas, the Indian was within an easy day's journey of the settlement on the St. John River, or, if it suited his purpose better, he made a swift descent down the St. Croix River to Passamaquoddy Bay. This too was the inland route of the first missionaries. The Penobscot Indians had villages at Passadumkeag and at Mattawamkeag Point in the early days. Here were their plentiful hunting grounds. They got their war paint from the red clay banks of Olamon, their flint heads at Mattaceunk where, on account of the rapids, they "paddled carefully." The fiber of the alder tree with which to sew moccasins and blankets, they gathered at Wytopitlock, and on the high point of land above the bogs of Crosshuntic they buried the bodies of those who died from the plague.

The time of the first visit of the early missionaries and the first Holy Mass offered within this territory is not well established, and the many great deeds of the pioneer priests are recorded on the pages of the Great Book alone. Tradition asserts, and there is a good ground to believe, that Father Louis P. Thury who was in Old Town in 1688 to 1698, and Fathers Bigot and Gaulin who succeeded him in 1699, visited often the Indian settlements farther up the river, and on the return trip from one of these visits, says tradition, one of the Fathers narrowly escaped drowning when pitched from his canoe into the swirling eddies at Piscataquis Falls.

Later on, or about the year 1727, Father Pierre Lauverjat was on Penobscot waters and is said to have visited the Indians at Passadumkeag. But after the year 1730, the Black Gown disappeared from amongst the red men on the rivers of Maine, and the Penobscot Indians in common with their kin were denied the consolation of his ministration and counsel.

After the Revolutionary War in 1784, Father Ciquard came to remain with them and then followed successively Fathers Romagné, Ffrench and Bapst, whose memory is held in benediction and whose names are handed down from generation to generation in the soft, liquid accents of the Abenakis tongue among the remnants of a once sturdy stock. The few pioneer

ST. JAMES CHURCH, KINGMAN.

First Mass Dec. 8, 1901. Dedicated Oct. 6, 1903.

white Catholics who settled within the confines of the Sacred Heart parish in the middle of the last century were scattered far and wide, and were visited, in the northern section by the priests from Houlton, or from Benedicta; and in the southern section by the priests stationed at Old Town. Hence we find the names of Rev. Daniel Murphy and of Rev. John Brady who came to Danforth and to Macwahoc in 1862 and 1865 respectively, Father Bartley who visited Danforth as late as 1869, Father McFaul at Winn as occasion demanded in 1871-73, Rev. J. J. Cassidy at Wytopitlock and Kingman in 1874-7, and Father Jas. Carnes in 1880. From Old Town in 1875 came Rev. Michael C. O'Brien on a missionary visit to Lincoln, where he celebrated Mass at the home of Patrick McLaughlin and administered to the spiritual needs of both white and red men.

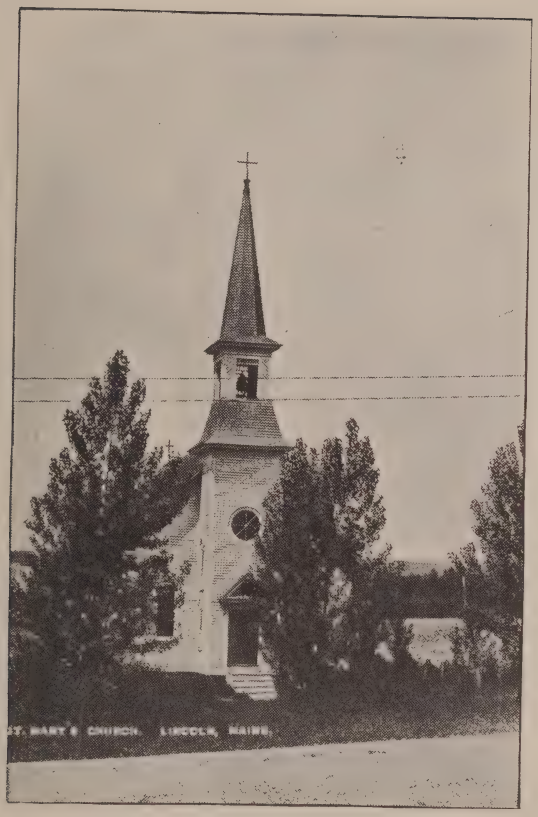
Father O'Brien's successor, now the venerable Mgr. F. X. Trudel, present respected pastor of St. Joseph's Chuch, Old Town, when a young man in charge of all the missions from his home parish to Moosehead Lake, extended his charitable ministrations, as occasion demanded, to the sick among the faithful at Lincoln. One of his early visits there marks an epoch in the annals of the Indian Reservation, and serves as a point for reckoning age, birth, marriage and death for the present generation of that group of red men in some such fashion as the "time of the big wind" in Ireland figured in the lives of the past generation of the sea-divided Gael.

Father Trudel came up from his home in Old Town, in response to an urgent sick call, in the midst of the heaviest snow fall of the winter of '80-81. In order to show their reverend visitor every courtesy, the Indians met him at the railroad station with a stout ox team, and seated thereon, and escorted by a bodyguard of stalwart braves on snow shoes, the priest was soon at the bedside of the dying. "We bring big team because priest heap big man" was the laconic, logical and loyal explanation for this primitive mode of conveyance. The foundation of the Sacred Heart parish of Winn practically dates from the arrival of Rev. Francis Cinqmars in September, 1881. The construction of a church had already been started in 1872, under the direction of Father McFaul of Benedicta, and was continued under the immediate supervision of two laymen, John Hardiman and James Rice, during the pastorate at Benedicta of Father Cassidy, who made occasional visits to the Mission. The first Mass was celebrated in the new church on the first Sunday of June, 1874. In the month of July, 1876, the Right Reverend Jas. A. Healy, made his first pastoral visit to Winn and followed the same route to Benedicta over which Bishop Benedict Fenwick had travelled in the early forties when he came to see the prosperous colony

he had planted in the heart of the Maine forest. Upon a second visit to the Mission in 1880, the Sacred Heart Church was dedicated by the Bishop and the following year the new parish was officially established.

Like all frontier parishes the limits of this one were hard to define. The parish of Old Town adjoined it on the south, and on the east was the diocese of St. John, N. B. To the north and west lay the outskirts of civilization, and in between these lines were lumber camps, squatters' cabins and towns of mushroom growth, many of the latter having but one industry each, flourishing today, dead and decaying tomorrow. In this center was Winn, the most prosperous town of all with a big tannery, operated successively by the Shaw Bros. and by Poor & Son. Grouped around this hive of industry were about sixty-five Catholic families within easy distance of the Sacred Heart Church, over which Father Cinqmars presided for one year. In October, 1882, the first pastor was succeeded by Rev. J. J. Houlihan, a native of Limerick, Ireland, who had become affiliated to the diocese of Portland and had already spent a term of service as assistant to the pastor of Rockland. Father Houlihan remained eighteen months at Winn, and was then transferred to other, but not wider fields, in the state of New Hampshire. The responsibilities of the pastorate now devolved upon Rev. T. G. Plant, who took up the work in February, 1884. Soon after assuming the duties of his charge, Father Plant added to the temporalities of the parish by the purchase of a rectory near the church, together with four acres of land adjoining the church lot. He also began the construction of a church for the group of Catholics settled at Vanceboro which was dedicated by Bishop Healy under the patronage of the Guardian Angel in 1886.

The spiritual energies were also stimulated by a Mission preached by the Redemptionist Fathers and by a pastoral visit made by Bishop Healy to Winn and Vanceboro in the summer of 1886. Father Plant went to Augusta in November, 1887, and was succeeded at Winn by Rev. Peter E. Bradley. Father Bradley remained two years going from there to Hallowell, and the mantle of the pastorate of the Sacred Heart parish now fell upon the stalwart shoulders of Rev. Jas. D. O'Brien. Bishop Healy, in his experience and wisdom, generally chose vigorous young men for the work of the Missions and in January, 1889, Father O'Brien entered the lists on the hurdle course of these Missions and ran to win. The town reached the high water mark of its prosperity during Father O'Brien's pastorate, and then, financial difficulties, business failure, and finally fire, destroyed the only industry on which the town depended for its subsistance. Many families sought homes elsewhere and the few that remained were poor and dispirited.



ST. MARY'S CHURCH, LINCOLN.

First Mass Nov. 30, 1902. Dedicated Oct. 5, 1903.

The pastor elected to remain with his depleted flock and began at once to extend his lines of usefulness farther afield. The wood pulp industry was coming into the district; developing water powers and building mills. Two of these pulp mills were already in operation in the neighborhood of Piscataquis Falls—one being located at Howland and the other at Montague near the mouth of the Piscataquis River. Here a new station was established and the first Mass was celebrated in a private house in the summer of 1899.

After a pastorate of nearly six years, Father O'Brien was withdrawn from the Winn Missions and in his own words "was finally washed ashore on a Desert Island." The spot where old Neptune cast him forth line another prophet was Bar Harbor, where, by his dynamic energies, subdued to the proper power in the ruder atmosphere of Winn, he gathered the golden sands on that historic shore to such good purpose that now three cross-surmounted church spires point heavenward where only one stood before, and where the pastor of the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer in 1913 was found a worthy successor to Biard and Quentin of Saint Sauveur, the pioneer priest of 1613. In November, 1894, Rev. Matthew H. McGrath was appointed pastor of the Sacred Heart Church and immediately applied himself to organize the Missions and to systematize his work. This was the field that was destined for him to till. It was at best a sterile soil which should yield for him little more than thorns and briers. Where he would sow much and gather little, prepare for a harvest by excessive fatigues and yet not have the happiness to reap the full fruits of his toil.

Father McGrath's first care was for the children and the young people of his charge. These he organized into classes, appointed teachers to instruct in his absence, and when the Bishop came on his visitation the following year, the largest class in the history of the parish was presented to him for Confirmation. Sunday, September the fifth, 1895, was a red letter day in the annals of the parish of the Sacred Heart. Bishop Healy was to administer the Sacrament of Confirmaton, and Father McGrath had brought his children and their parents by special train from the four corners of his Missions. On that day at least all roads led to Winn. The people came on foot, by team, and by train till the Church was far too small to hold them all. Many had never before seen a Catholic Church and they inspected its every detail with feelings of wonderment and reverence. Many, indeed, had never before seen a Bishop and they gazed upon the Venerable chief pastor of the diocese and marvelled at the magnificence of the "gold cane" (crozier) which he carried. The Bishop's throne was erected in the center of the four-acre field and around this

the 210 Confirmandi knelt to be made soldiers of the Cross. Hundreds more of the faithful sat around where there was much grass in the place, and the curious ones "who came to scoff remained to pray." The Bishop, associating this scene with a greater one in far away Judea, taught from his throne in a most inspiring discourse.

The following year Father McGrath began to organize the Mission at Montague and to build a church, and this work was still going on to a successful issue when its zealous promoter was called to his reward.

After answering an urgent sick call twenty miles from home on the 29th of January, 1898, he continued on his journey to Old Town where he dined with his friend and confessor Father Trudel, thence on to Bangor on business for the new church so dear to his heart.

Starting ut to return to his home on the Provincial Express, the train was wrecked at Orono and Father McGrath was fatally injured. His untimely death the following morning at St. Mary's Rectory, Orono, left Winn and its Missions in mourning—"a fold without a shepherd, a flock without a pastor."

"When hearts whose truth was proven
Like thine, are laid in Earth
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth."

Vicar General M. C. O'Brien, administrator of the diocese during the absence of the Bishop who was spending the winter in Rome and the Holy Land, appointed Rev. M. W. Reilly, a former curate at St. Mary's, to Winn and its Missions February 7, 1898. Having been ordained in the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception in the month of June of the previous year, the new pastor arrived in his new field of labor with the sacred oils of his ordination scarcely dry upon his hands. Taking up the lines of work where they had fallen from the bruised fingers of his predecessor, and calling all the grit and courage he could muster to his aid, he surveyed the territory allotted to his care. He found within its fifteen hundred square miles some twenty-two towns and plantations to which he was liable to receive sick calls. He found two completed churches with another in course of construction. He found that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was to be celebrated in fourteen of his places, viz: Vanceboro, Eaton, Danforth, the Irish Settlement, Bancroft, Wytopitlock, Kingman, So. Molunkus, Medway, Winn, Lincoln, Indian Island, Lowell and Montague. He found for the most part a welcoming and sympathetic people, whose enthusiasm, however, did not enkindle at once, for in many places, they had long been slaves to the traditions of inertia. He found a combination of towns in one

ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH, MONTAGUE.

Dedicated July 5, 1899.

parish made possible only by the existence of the railroad, and yet needing a man endowed with the number of feet allotted to a centipede and the agility of a glorified body properly to discharge the demands upon his endurance.

The only solution of the problem was, of course, to invite in and to install at once, as *Chief Pastor,* Him "who clothes the lilies of the field and feeds the birds of the air," over those who "are of much more value than they;" and to pledge one's self His generous and willing auxiliary in the great work for God and souls.

This agreement worked out beautifully, at least, on the part of the minor party to the contract; so when two urgent sick calls came almost simultaneously from the opposite extremes of the parish, ninety miles apart, the Chief Pastor took care of both, while the Auxiliary had time to speed on the wings of steam to the one, and, like King Richard, pledge his kingdom for a horse to reach the bedside of the other.

The first year of this pastorate was spent in organizing the Missions; the second in instructing; the third, fourth and fifth in constructing and building; the sixth in gathering funds and paying obligations; the seventh in spiritual activities, and the eighth, ninth and a part of the tenth in completing and improving upon the work already accomplished.

St. Matthew's Church at Montague was completed in 1899 and dedicated by Bishop Healy July 5th of that year. St. James' Church, Kingman, was opened for public worship December 8, 1901, having been built on land given by James Rice, and was blessed by Right Reverend William H. O'Connell on October 6, 1903. The first Mass was celebrated in St. Mary's, Lincoln, November 30, 1902, and Bishop O'Connell blessed the church October 5, 1903, when he spent four days on a tour of the parish. St. Francis Xavier's, Wytopitlock, Aroostook County, was opened September 4, 1904, Frank P. Keegan having donated the land. The pastor was the celebrant of the first Mass, while the sermon was preached by Rev. M. H. Healy of Orono.

Thanksgiving Day, November 24, 1904, the first Mass was offered in St. Ann's, Danforth, Washington County, by the pastor, the Sermon being delivered by Rev. M. A. Clary.

While the material side of the Church had thus been marked with success, the spiritual side had also prospered and developed to a most gratifying degree. It fell to the happy lot of this last pastor to see his long cherished dream realized; to see the leaks, which so long had drained the Church of her children in these parts, repaired; to see a people so long churchless now the proud and happy possessors of neat, though humble, buildings dedicated to the worship of God. The Chief Pastor of the Contract had again done His work with the weak

things of the World, *"Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed Nomine Tuo da Gloriam."*

At the beginning of the year 1905, when reinforcements came to the Mission in the person of Rev. J. D. Quinn, and nine months after in the person of Rev. T. C. Maney, the parish of the Sacred Heart resembled an army in battle array. The battle lines formed the segment of a circle. The center of the army of militant Catholics was at Winn with the right wing resting on the eastern shore of the Penobscot River, and the left along the banks of the Mattawamkeag and the Baskehegan, with the extreme fortifications protecting Vanceboro on the St. Croix.

The Lord of Armies—Jesus of the Sacred Heart, was, as always, in general command, and held the center. On His right was St. Mary at the fortress of Lincoln with St. Matthew at Montague. At His left was St. James, the Apostle, at Kingman, and St. Francis Xavier at Wytopitlock, supported on Baskehegan waters by St. Anne at Danforth. And guarding the eastern gate of the diocese of Portland, at the end of that far-flung battle line, were the Angel Guardians of our souls.

The strong fortresses of that army were the Seven Churches, rallying points and points of defense for the faithful.

The banner that "catches the gleam of the morning's first beam" is the standard of the saving Cross; and the arms of defense and attack are the eternal truths of the Gospel of Christ—a message, not of war, but of peace: "Peace on Earth to men of good will"—a message, not of death, but of life: "I will not the death of the sinner, but rather that he do penance and live."

In September, 1907, the Sacred Heart parish was divided, Father Maney having the upper portion with residence at Kingman, and Rev. Jas. A. Hayes succeeding Father Drain at the Sacred Heart Parish, Winn.

M. W. REILLY.

"Blessed Art Thou Among Women"

The central idea of the Christian religion is the Incarantion and its supreme fact is the manifestation of the Son of God as the Son of Man also. Then the essence of Christianity is found in the Person of Christ who declared Himself to be "The Way," "The Truth" and "the Life."

His commandments are life, and His ways are peace. Death is not an obstacle for He is the "Ressurrection and the Life." "Now this is eternal life, that they know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent."

The power and wisdom of God are shown in the creation of the world, and His infinite love is revealed in the redemption of man. By the union of a divine Person with human nature, man has been brought into a new and mysterious relationship with God.

The Person of Christ determines the value of the apostolic ministry of the sacramental system, and of the inspired Scriptures. By bearing these principles in mind we may easily perceive the position which is assigned to the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Mother of Jesus in the divine economy for the salvation of man. Mary mediates between the divine and the human nature; she is the channel through which they flow to form the personal union! "She is the only human witness to the Incarnation." Her fate is forevermore associated with the person and life of her Divine Son. Since He is the God-Man, she is the Mother of the God-Man; since He is the highest, the holiest, the purest being who has ever walked the earth, she is the Mother of this majesty and holiness and purity.

Mary is the most beloved Daughter of the Eternal Father, the most dear Mother of the Eternal Son, the immaculate and virginal spouse of the Eternal Spirit of holiness, of truth and of love. She stands apart from her whole race, and her position is her own forevermore on earth and in heaven; and its inviolable strength can not be assailed except through her Son. To think of Mary as only a good woman implies a doubt of the divinity of Christ; and to think of Christ as only a great and wise philosopher implies a doubt of even the goodness of Mary. They are united in God, and it is not in the power of man to put them asunder. The sublimist psalm in praise of Mary could not say anything greater than that she is the Mother of Jesus.

"Hail! full of grace!" said the angelic messenger, whom the

light of heaven has not made unmindful of this fair child of God and man. "The Lord is with thee."

"Thou and thy mother," says St. Ephrem, "alone art wholly pure." No spot in thee, O Lord; in her no stain.

"She was alone," says St. Ambrose, "and wrought the world's salvation."

"And to her the wearied Dante kneels crowning his immortal song with her sweet name:

"O Virgin Mother, daughter of Thy Son,
Created beings all in lowliness
Surpassing, as in height above them all;
Term by the Eternal Counsel preordained;
Ennobler of thy nature, so advanced
In thee that its great Maker did not scorn
To make Himself His own creation;
For in thy womb rekindling shown the love
Revealed, whose genial influence makes now
This flower to germin in eternal peace;
Here thou to us, of charity and love,
Art as the noonday torch; and art, beneath
To mortal men, of hope a living spring."

CONTENTMENT.

Who seeks the radiance of the sun
Shall bear its burning ray;
Better the lowly deed were done
And kept the humble way.

The sword of Fame is hung on high,
And high is hung the crown;
Better to serve with love-lit eye,
Than rule with tyrants frown.

The happiest heart that ever beat,
Was in some lowly breast
Faithful to duty, true and sweet,
Leaving to God the rest.

"LUMINA."

Flowers of St. Patrick

(By DANIEL J. DWYER in Boston Globe.)

Of the many incidents connecting St. Patrick with France is the very curious story of the "Flowers of St. Patrick." I had read of them occasionally, but took little interest until I read of the case in the work on St. Patrick by Rev. Fr. William Bullen Morris of London.

The tradition is that when St. Patrick escaped from Irish captivity, he made his way to his uncle, St. Martin of Tours. Arriving on Christmas Day at the site of the tree, he lay down under it to rest. When he awoke he found the tree in full bloom, and from that day, 1500 years ago, the tree is found in bloom on Christmas Day.

This Winter bloom comes about three weeks before Dec. 25, and on that day it is in full blossom. There is a Summer bloom, however, which is more luxuriant, but the Winter bloom, when all vegetation in the vicinity is "withered and dead," is quite sufficient to excite surprise and wonder.

It seems that the records of its wonderful bloom were handed down orally for 500 years, and after that time, written records were kept up to the present time. The tree is situated about 20 miles from Tours on the banks of the Loire and is visited often by many tourists.

Fr. Morris says: There is something more than antiquarian interest in the feelings of the Christian traveler who visits the spot on the banks of the Loire where immemorial tradition and an ancient monument mark the spot at which the saint crossed the river on his way to Marmoutier. At about 20 miles from Tours the railway between that city and Angers stops at the station of St. Patrice; the commune is also called after the saint, and as we shall see, there is historical evidence that it has been thus designated for at least 900 years.

"Above the station on the side of the hill which rises from the banks of the Loire we find the famous tree which bears 'The Flowers of St. Patrick.' For ages it has been the object of religious veneration with the people of Touraine, and in our own times it is particularly interesting to find that this devotion was shared by the great servant of God, Leon Dupont, the Thaumaturgus of Tours. Mgr. Chevallier, the president of the Archaeological Society of Tours, has published a very full account of the tree and of the tradition connected with it, the

substance of which we subjoin, together with the results of personal investigation made on the spot in August, 1881.

"At this season the tree was covered with foliage so luxuriant, from the ground upward, that it was impossible to distinguish the stem, and in every aspect it presented the appearance of a tree in its prime, without a sign of decay. It belongs to the botanical class, Prunus Spinosa, or blackthorn, and it was covered with berries at the time of our visit. These, however, were the evidence of a second afflorescence in the Spring.

"The celebrity of the tree arises from the fact that every Christmas it is seen covered with flowers, and the tradition at St. Patrice, handed down from father to son, affirms that for 1500 years this phenomenon has been repeated at the same season, since the day when St. Patrick, returning from Ireland, crossed the Loire to join St. Martin and lay down to rest at the foot of the tree. It matters not how intensely cold is any particular Winter, while the ground beneath and the country around lie in their white shroud, the "Flowers of St. Patrick" unfold their blossoms and bid defiance to the fierce north winds which sweep the valley of the Loire.

"It belongs to science to determine whether this appearance of the 'Flowers of St. Patrick' can be reconciled with the laws of nature. We certainly do find other evidences of trees flourishing in Winter, but unless we know the circumstances, comparisons would be useless.

"Thermal springs beneath the tree or a sheltered position may account for the phenomenon in other instances, but as Mgr. Chevallier remarks, in the case of the 'Flowers of St. Patrick' there can be no suspicion of subterranean heat, seeing that while the 'Flowers' are in bloom the snow covers the ground beneath. Moreover, the tree stands at a considerable elevation and in a most exposed position."

Fr. Morris goes on to say that the ancient Church of St. Patrice in the vicinity belong to a style of architecture of the 10th or 11th centuries, and there are documents connecting it with the year 1035.

Having written to the local cure, Rev. Fr. Blinn, a few years ago, I received a photo taken of the tree on Dec. 24. The photo is a poor one, on account of improper focusing, etc., but enough is seen to realize that the "flowers" are in bloom while all the surrounding trees are withered. It will be seen that the local French people have erected a shrine near the tree, and some of the branches are seen over the room. Fr. Blinn also kindly sent me pictures of the ancient church and a picture of the Summer bloom of the tree, which I present to the readers of the Globe.

Whether science will determine the cause of the Winter bloom or not, the longevity of the tree is another subject for curious investigation.

The Priest

There is in the midst of us a man little appreciated, too often little loved, and sometimes frightfully calumniated, and yet who is, nevertheless, just the one man who is most worthy of the reverence and confidence of all. This man is the Catholic priest—the consoler of all who suffer, and the friend of all the friendless; and it is against him that the scoffing and the irreligious, enemies of God and of society, constantly endeavor to prejudice the minds of men.

The priest is attacked in this manner only because he is the minister of God. The man who would have no God, would also have no priest; and, knowing that he is powerless to impose silence upon this inconvenient preacher of the divine law, he seeks to expel him, or at least rob him of the confidence of men in order to paralyze his ministry.

The priest has been sent to his brethren by Jesus Christ, even as He Himself was sent. "Even as My Father hath sent Me," said Jesus to the Apostles, His first priests, "I also send you!" Jesus was sent to save the world by the sacrifice of Himself, to enlighten it by His teaching, and to console it by His mercy. And thus He sends His priests to save, instruct, console, and sanctify their brethren; or rather, He Himself fulfils by means of His priests, His divine and beneficient mission, speaking by their mouth, and developing by their sacred ministry, His divine life in the midst of men. Ministers of God though they are, priests are, however, men. Therefore they are not perfect. Still more, they can, if forgetful of their holy vocation, fall like the rest of us into serious faults; but their priestly character is no less worthy of our reverence; and we should always carefully distinguish between the man and the priest.

Weakness and error are proper to man, and we must condemn them in the priest as in all other men, but the ministry of souls, the duty of teaching the law of God, the power of administering holy things, of celebrating Mass, of absolving from sin, in one word, the faculties of the priesthood, are proper to the priest, as the representative of God, and are independent of the virture or negligence of him who holds this sacred trust. We should not forget that there was one Judas among the twelve Apostles; and when we reflect on human weakness, we have reason to thank God that there are so few priests forgetful of their duties and unworthy of their vocation.

Let men say what they please, there is one fact, which is perfectly apparent and perfectly undeniable. Our priests are, not-

withstanding the many imperfections imputed to them, and which are almost always greatly exaggerated, far better than other men. They are more charitable to the unfortunate, they lead a purer life—a more virtuous life, a life more in conformity with the law of God—than are the lives of those who surround them and who often cry out most loudly against them. In fact, how can their life be defined if not as one of devotion, self-sacrifice and good works?

By teaching our people, and our children to fear God, to love Him, and to serve Him, do they not constitute themselves the most effectual, the only effectual, guardians of innocence and virtue? Where is the father or the mother who would be unwilling that the priest should tell the child to be pure, to shrink from evil, to be dutiful and obedient, to fulfil all duties, and to pray to God—in one word, to be a Christian and a Catholic? Where is the man who would fear to have such counsel given to his wife? And is it not pure wickedness to call such salutary influence a meddling in family affairs?

People sometimes complain that the priest lives like a recluse, shut out from society? Who is to blame? Is it not the fault of society itself which by listening to false insinuations builds up a wall against the priest—or by petty jealousies renders it impossible to go among his people as he would wish to oftentimes?

Men of the world, so indulgent, so forbearing to themselves, when pronouncing their strictures on the priest, become suddenly transformed into the most severe and rigorous of mankind.

Let him do what he will; they are never at a loss for something to condemn. If he is genial, conversational, and at ease in society, they say he is fond of the world, and has mistaken his vocation; if, on the contrary, he is grave and reserved, they pronounce him frigid and insufferable. What is the minister of God to do in the midst of such extremes? He must do exactly what he does—patiently endure the foolish and contradictory accusations from which he has to suffer; he must do the right in the sight of God, give to the world the light of a pure example, and save the souls of men by a noble life of true self-sacrifice.

Light of the Cross.

"The Garden of the Rosary"

By Prof. Reginald Riddle, D. P. M.

(In Verse and Story)

All the world knows and loves "The Rosary," but very few people know of its origin or of its late author, Robert Cameron Rogers. Therefore, for the benefit of those who may care to know all about "The Rosary" and its late author, I have gathered and written from actual sight the following story:

Within sound of the Mission bells, few, if any, of the tourists who motor along the King's Highway, in California, and stop at the Mission Santa Barbara and climb the worn stairs of the bell-tower to enjoy the glorious view, are aware that scarce a stone's throw away lies "The Garden of the Rosary," where that famous song was written by Robert Cameron Rogers, whose early death, has left the world poorer in the spirit of lyric poetry.

Two slender volumes of verses are all we have to attest his unusual gift for lyric poetry. And as we read his delightful verse, we wish that he might have been permitted to gather more of those late-grown harvests of which he sings in "To each man comes his season."

Yet if, as Coleridge says, poetry is the blossom and fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts and human passions, then "Glendessary," as the poet called his canyon home, is in its way as much of a poem, as "The Rosary."

To gain this poetic paradise we go up from the Mission pathway by the high stone wall with its bigonia-wreathed cross and enter the Canyon Road overarched by huge sycamore and live oaks, disclosing between their trunks bouquets of blossoming sumac and soft gray stalks of white sage so beloved by the bees.

A wagon loaded with brown sandstone found in the canyon bed and in the adjoining mountains and with three brown robed Franciscans atop, comes slowly up the road and we wonder whether after all, we are in the "raw western world" or on the slopes of Fiesole. A turn brings to view the blue and rugged slopes of Santa Barbara County.

On the left of the road, the gables of the poet's house peep out from embowering oak and rare acacias, the whole engirt by a native sand-stone wall. The garden in front of the house

has been left largely in its native state, resembling the terminal moraine of a glacier.

Huge boulders are the playthings of giant forces, and are scattered and heaped in all directions. On one side they have been piled into a stone wall over which a tangle of pink Tecoma McKinni and foamy native clematis fall in billows of bloom. Weaving through them is the Virginia Creeper which will give a touch of color when the others have ceased to bloom. This "Vineclad" stone wall is a bit of poetry as truly as is "The Rosary."

The "Boulder Garden," as this spot might be called, is a restrained wilderness where ferns, vines and creeping things are doing their best to soften the harsh outlines of stone and rock. Blue African lilies and pink amaryllis give a note of color. The passer-by sees nothing save this heap of rocks and natural forest which clothes the canyon for several acres around, and knows nothing of the lovely formal garden back of the house, as precise as the other is irregular and picturesque. This is the expression of the poet's own taste and fancy, and one cannot imagine a more charming spot in which to rest and play.

We pass through a wistaria-covered pergola, which in springtime is wreathed in pendent amethystine chains, like massed rosaries at Easter service, the rare Japanese wistaria imported from Japan by the poet; and come out upon the house terrace, a broad refreshing stretch of emerald green, surrounded by a formal balustrade of the same brown sand-stone which the Padres were hauling. Mr. Rogers made use of all the native materials, thus tying this charming bit of formality to the wild unrestrained beauty of the canyon.

From the conventionality of the upper terrace with dainty pool and heavy shrubberies sweet with orange jessamine, a beautiful vista of the gabled house is gained through formal rows of cypress. Turning away the eye is again led by the cypress to a plot of green under the live oak tree.

Dominating all is the blue of Santa Yeez, forming a rugged background for the fresh green of shrubberies and fringed pool where dainty pink lilies lie moored and a slender fountain sheds a soft spray into their upturned cups.

It is a lovely spot in which to sit and dream, and even the most commonplace nature might turn poetical in such an atmosphere. Perhaps it was here the poet penned those verses which have been so widely sung. Certainly it seems sure that they were written in the heart of this wonderful garden.

Passing down the cypress-bordered path, with gray hibiscus, soft blue plumbago and fringed acacias in the background, we come to a spot which must have been a favorite resting-place for the poet, a low stone seat under a huge live-oak with a formal plat of grass and a stone seat opposite.

The fragrance of thousands of blossoms in the rose garden beyond is wafted on the evening breeze. The sun is sinking over the western mountains, the oaks are casting long shadows and still we linger yet enchanted by the nameless spirit of poesy which pervades the place. When the bells of the Mission break the silence of the evening air, the brown-robed Fathers are passing into the dimly lighted chapel, and still the bells are echoing: "Back to earth the spirit of the poet's song of souls."

"Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer
To still a heart in absence wrung;
I tell each bead unto the end and there
A cross is hung."

ON CALVARY.

Tradition tells us that while preparations were being made for the crucifixion of our Blessed Lord, that He was shut up in a cave in the northern side of the rock on which the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is now built. Here He offered, as it were, the preparatory prayers before the great sacrifice which He was about to consummate so deeply and with such bitter anguish.

As soon as the Cross was prepared and erected, He was led forth from His place of confinement and was confronted again with the instrument of His torture. What pangs of suffering must have pierced His Sacred Heart when he beheld that gibbet, the mere thought of which, in the Garden of Olives, pressed the drops of sweat and blood from the pores of His sacred body!

Yet we cannot but think that, like His apostle and martyr, St Andrew, He hailed the Holy Cross with exultation.

"Hail, sweet Cross! thou long desired, for a longing Heart prepared! O admirable Cross! O lovable Cross! O refulgent Cross, that dost shed thy splendor over the entire world!"

Thus rejoicing the Lord and Redeemer of the world approaches the altar upon which He is to be immolated, on which the world is to be redeemed by His life's blood. "I have a baptism," He said "wherewith I am to be baptized, and how am I straightened until it be accomplished?". "If I be lifted up from the earth, I shall draw all things to myself." Meekly let us kneel in adoration say "Lord, draw me to Thyself."

Some Poets and Poetry of Ireland

Surrounded by the wild beauty of the Emerald Isle, its picturesque lakes, deep mossy valleys, and lofty, rugged mountains, and more than all the billowy, restless dreamy sea, the true Celt is above all other men gifted with fine sentiment and the capacity to admire the beautiful and the good. Nature and religion have combined to mould his genius; for the Catholic faith harmonizes with and contents his natural love for the mystical and the sublime.

Clearly outlined against this background rises the figure of one whose mission was to Christianize the nation and thus lift its thought to the highest plane of spiritual beauty—St. Patrick. Around his name and that of St. Bridget, the sweetest type of Celtic womanhood, clusters much of the early literature of Ireland, and many are the legends told of the time when "the divine creed entered the land and confronted Celtic paganism.

Celtic verse for the most part has been lyrical, sometimes triumphant, more often mournful; it has sung the glories, hopes and aspirations of this suffering nation and to their songs the Irish people have clung through sunshine and shadow, with the same tenacity as to faith and fatherland.

Much controversy has arisen concerning the ballads of Ossian, the son of Finn Mac Cumhool, a beacon light in Celtic literature. Throughout the "Wanderings of Ossian" are recalled the delights of the land he so loved, the plaintive whistle of the sea-mews, the soft, swift gallop of fawns through the forest glade, the lowing of oxen, and the murmur of falling mountain streams. But above all he is haunted by the song of the blackbird.

One of the most familiar odes is to the "Blackbird of Derrycarn."

"Sweet bird and bard of sable wing,
Sweet warbler bird in Carna's grove,
No lay so haunting shall I hear
Again, though round the world I rove."

A chief characteristic of Irish poetry is the ardent love of home and country by which it is often inspired. Ireland's dear saint, Columba, the Apostle of Caledonia, who founded on the Island of Iona, a monastery which became a center of learning, sings in his exile from Erin, of the "Isle of my heart, isle of my love," which he is never to see again, and makes the sea

gulls his messengers to his native land. St. Columba's fond love of home is shown in his "Song of Derry."

"My Derry, my fair oak grove,
My dear little cell and dwelling!
Beloved are Durrow and Derry,
Beloved is Raphoé the pure,
Beloved the fertile Drumhome,
Beloved are Swords and Kells,
But sweeter and fairer to me
The salt sea where the seagulls cry
When I come to Derry from far
It is sweeter and dearer to me,
Sweeter to me."

Wherever Irish hearts are found and they are found the wide world over, "Moore's Melodies" are sung. Who does not know "The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls," and "Believe Me If All those Endearing Young Charms?" There is no one familiar with "The Last Rose of Summer" who does not love the sweet mournful melody. The words of "The Meeting of the Waters" are exquisite, and when sung the music touches the very depths of the soul. We feel with the poet that the charms of nature are imperfect till "we see them reflected in the looks that we love."

From time immemorial the harp has been the national symbol of Ireland and of her musical expression Moore sings:

"Dear harp of my country, in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own island harp I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song."

Of Moore and his music, the venerated and well-remembered Father Burke, O. P., has eloquently said: "The hour is yet near when God gave to our native land one of its highest gifts, a truly poetic child. When Ireland's poet came to find fame and immortality in Ireland, nothing was required of him but to take the ancient melodies floating in the land, to interpret the Celtic in which they were found in the language of the day. Moore, Ireland's poet, was a lover of his country. He made every true heart and every noble mind in the world melt into sorrow at the contemplation of Ireland's wrongs and the injustice that she suffered, as they came home to every sympathetic heart on the wings of Ireland's ancient melody."

Contemporaneous with Moore was James Clarence Mangan, who in "The Nameless One," tells his own story, whose boyhood was "one drear night hour," and who at last, worn by weakness, disease and wrong, "fled for shelter to God, Who mated his soul with song." Modern critics place Mangan among the most famous of Irish singers and poets, and mention "Dark

Rosaleen" as the greatest of his poems. "Dark Rosaleen" was one of the many cryptic names for Ireland given her by the poets of those turbulent times when it was "treason to love her and death to defend her."

The following stanza will give some idea of the lyrical translation from the original Gælic:

"Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal;
Your holy, delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel,
At home in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn to e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen!
My dark Rosaleen!
You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen!"

To the same period belongs Gerald Griffin, whose name is one of the finest and brightest in the history of literature, and surrounded by a halo of glory, virtue and romance. What a haunting quality in that beautiful lyric,

"A place in thy memory, dearest,
Is all that I claim,
To pause and look back when thou hearest
The sound of my name!"

Another lyricist of this era is Rev. Frances S. O. Mahoney, "Father Prout," who has immortalized

"The Bells of Shandon
That sound so grand
On the pleasant waters
Of the river Lee."

All this belong to an age that has gone, but the harp of Ireland is still sounding melodiously and the voices of many sweet singers are heard in Erin's music-haunted isle.

Many other living or recent poets might be named among whom the most familiar are William B. Yeats, Katherine Tynan Hinkson, Rosa Mulholland Gilbert, Frances Wynne, Denis Florence McCarthy. Yeats' poems breath the melancholy mysticism of the ancient race, and the weird beauty of the Ildathach, the "Many-colored Land," rather than the spirit of Christian ethics. One of the most beautiful of his minor poems is "A Dream of a Blessed Spirit:"

"All the heavy days are over,
Leave the body's colored pride
Underneath the grass and clover,
With the feet laid side by side.

One with her are mirth and duty;
Bear the gold-embroidered dress,
For she needs not her sad beauty,
To the scented oaken press.

Here the kiss of Mother Mary;
The long hair is on her face;
Still she goes with footsteps wary,
Full of earth's old timid grace.

With white feet of angels seven
Her white feet go glimmering;
And above the deep of heaven,
Flame on flame and wing on wing."

The poetry of Mrs. Hinkson is Catholic and devout. She is happiest when she embodies emotions that have the innocence of childhood, in symbols and metaphors from the green world about her. A characteristic poem is "Aux Carmélites," which describes the sweet sleep in her poor cell at the Carmelite Convent, of Madame Louise, "daughter of France."

"Sweetly singeth the nightingale
In his screen of boughs while the moon is pale,
Sweet and so sweet,
That the night-world is faint with it
The roses dream and the lilies wake,
While the bird of love with his wild heart-break
Pierceth her dream,
Soft she sighs in the faint moon-beam.
And all night long in the dark by her
An angel sits with her wings astir,
And hidden eyes
Keeping the secrets of Paradise.

Canon Sheehan although best known as a novelist has given us some beautiful gems of thought in his collection known as "Cithara Mea."

It would indeed be ungrateful were these pages to make no mention of one whose pure muse has sung the highest mysteries of the Christian faith and cheered his fellow countrymen in their national trials. Denis Florence MacCarthy's genius is essentially lyrical and his works are conspicuous for their delicate fancy and musical rhythm.

A very touching expression of the poet's personal feelings is to be found in "Truth in Song:"

"I cannot sing, I cannot write
To show that I can write and sing—
I cannot for a cause so slight
Command my Ariel's dainty wing;
Not for the dreams of cultured youth,
Nor praises of the lettered throng;
Ah! no, I string the pearls of song
But only on the chords of truth."

The poet's intense sympathy with nature is manifested in "Summer Longings," of which the following stanza is an extract:

"Ah! my heart is weary waiting
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles
Where the fragrant hawthorne brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way,
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May."

One of the earliest and most popular of MacCarthy's poems is the ballad, if it may so be called, of "The Pillar Towers of Ireland."

"The pillar towers of Ireland, how wondrously they stand
By the lakes and rushing rivers through the valleys of our land!
In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their heads sublime—
These gray old pillar temples, these conquerors of time!

The names of their founders have vanished in the gloom,
Like the dry branch in the fire or the body in the tomb;
But today, in the ray, their shadows still they cast—
These temples of forgotten gods, these relics of the past.

How many different rites have these gray old temples known!
To the mind what dreams are written in these chronicles of stone
What terror and what error, what gleams of love and truth
Have flashed from these walls since the world was in its youth!

Where blazed the sacred fire, rung out the vesper bell,
Where the fugitive found shelter became the hermit's cell;
And hope hung out its symbol to the innocent and good,
For the Cross o'er the moss of the pointed summit stood!

There may it stand forever, while the symbol doth impart
To the mind one glorious vision or one proud throb to the heart:
While the breast needeth rest may these gray old temples last,
Bright prophets of the future, as preachers of the past!"

It is for those who knew the poet intimately to speak of his personal character. One, a well-known writer says: "It is no exaggeration to say that no more genial or delightful companion has existed in our time. He was the very soul of brightness and gayety and his wit was as unfailing as it was natural and unforced. His early friends and the friends he made through life remained his friends to his last hour or theirs. His love for his native country was never weakened by his interest and labors in a foreign literature. While in France a friend sent him an Irish shamrock to wear on St. Patrick's day. The very day he received it he wrote in reply the verses, "A Shamrock From the Irish Shore." Two stanzas are given here.

"Dear emblem of my native land,
By fresh, fond words kept fresh and green,
The pressure of an unfelt hand,
The kisses of a lip unseen;
A throb from my dead mother's heart,
My father's smile revived once more—
Oh! youth! Oh! love! Oh hope thou art,
Sweet shamrock from the Irish shore.

And shall I not return thy love,
And shalt thou not, as thou shouldst, be
Placed on thy son's proud heart above
The red rose or the fleur-de-lis?
Yes, from these heights the waters beat
I vow to press thy cheek once more,
And lie forever at thy feet,
O shamrock of the Irish shore."

It would be quite impossible to comment on all the writings of the numberless poets of Ireland, or of her exiled sons who have brought into foreign lands their minstrelsy;

"But wheresoe'er the Irish race hath drifted,
By what far sea, what mighty stream beside,
There shall today the Irish harp be lifted
In Irish song of glory and of pride."

The Three R's and another R

Rev. James A. Carey.

We have undertaken in these papers to show the necessity of religious teaching and training in the school, and have stated that not only the Christian's view of education, but good civics as well as true pedagogics demand that religion have its proper place in the school curriculum. Just now we are considering the question from the point of view of pedagogy, and taking the modern pedagogues on their own ground, and considering some of the principles most insisted on in our own day, such as: sense training, cultural training, and vocational training, etc., we see that their own principles, to be consistent, must embrace religious training.

Just now one cry that is resounding throughout the school world is: vocational training. The charge is brought against the common school system, as now existing, that it does not train for life; that it is turning out incompetents; that it is too short-sighted and theoretic. The whole system is to be rearranged. The curriculum is to be readjusted so that it may fit for life. The aptitude of the pupil for this or that plane or place or trade in life is to be observed, and he or she is to be trained accordingly. Find out the vocation of the boy or girl and fashion the curriculum to fit that vocation instead of making the boy or girl fit the inflexible curriculum.

There is some truth in the charges brought against the present school system; there is room for improvement and need for readjustment. The fundamental claim of those demanding a change: make the curriculum fit the vocation of the child instead of having the child fit the curriculum is right. In omnibus respice finem—In all things regard the end. The vocation of the child—the end is all important. But while we are rearranging things, and before the readjustment is irrevocably fixed, let us be sure that our aim is true, that we are looking at the end and not at some half way station; that we are not mistaking a means for the end; that we are finding out what vocation is before we attempt to train for it; that we have a true conception of what "life" means before we set terms and means to it.

What does this new school mean by "life" when it speaks of fitting for life? Does life with them mean only a trade? The machinist's bench, the accountant's desk, the housewife's kitchen? Is that all life means? In seeking out the aptitude of

the boy or girl in the school, and finding out the vocation to which he or she may be called, and striving to make the training in the school fit the child for that vocation, have the pedagogues made very great advances when their vision rises only as high as the machinist's bench or the housewife's kitchen range? Heroic, eh?

By all means make the school system and the school curriculum fit for life. Let the training be practical, but not too low; real, but not materialistic. Let us have due regard for the present life, but let us not neglect the future. Let us understand well that "the life is more than the meat," and that however sacred may be the temporal vocation of the child, and however much it may be our duty to observe the aptitude of the child and train him or her for the vocation that the aptitude points to, there is a divine vocation for all, as creatures, to know God, to serve Him and to love Him in this world, and be happy with Him forever in heaven. There may be, and there are particular and personal vocations, but there is the common vocation of all to salvation, and it would be a mockery to talk of the sacredness of life and vocation, and of what we owe the growing boy and girl, and yet ignore the great vocation, the one thing necessary. Religion is so much a part of life that man cannot begin to look beneath the surface of things before he encounters religion, and there is no philosophy, whether it be of education or economics, or anything else that concerns man that can do without religion.

Another favorite slogan in the educational world is: the objective method. It is teaching by example and illustration, v. g., pictures, objects to be seen, handled, etc. It is a method that has its merits. It is instructive and impressive. It may work for ill as well as for good. Without intending it, but nevertheless in a real and impressive way, the non-religious school is teaching the child by the objective method that religion is of no account. And so after a while the child esteems religion, as present conditions in our land evidence.

To the opening mind of the child the school is a mighty power. It is the last court of appeal, where right estimates are set and infallible judgments rendered. It is the temple of learning and the training school of character. It is the mighty institution that can change him from a dunce to a scholar; where he is made over from an unformed boy into a man. Here he is taught, trained, moulded, fitted for life. All that is worth while in life is set before him to study and emulate. Religion is not in the school. No, because, (such is the implicit reasoning of the child,) religion is not worth while. He or she heard of it in the nursery: but then he or she was a baby. He may hear of it in church, if he go there—and he doesn't—but then it is a sentiment or a superstition. It is not

real, it is not virile, it is not for life, because it is not in the school. He doesn't reason this all out, but this is his implicit judgment, and it is the conclusion on which he builds his conduct.

But the public schools are non-sectarian? No; they are sectarian with a vengeance. By the very nature of their methods they are making for infidelity. It is high time that non-Catholics were realizing this—as indeed they are in ever increasing numbers—by the facts that are thrusting themselves upon those who give a thought to the religious and moral conditions that prevail with the youth of the land. The most blighting influence of the non-religious school is that by the objective method it inspires contempt for religion; it forms and fashions and delivers the child over to infidelity.

(To be continued.)

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

O Saint of saints!
Thy work is done,
Thy goal is won;
Unloosed from clay's restraints,
Thy soul among the cherubim is throned.
Thy sacred brow
Is lustrous with thy threefold vow!
Forevermore
Thou shalt adore
God, the Omnipotent,
Whilst through eternity,
Hosannas are intoned
Which shake the firmament,
Whilst hell's dread monarchy
Resounds with an unceasing moan,
In this dim world, from zone to zone
Thy "Summa" shines a vast electric fire
Flashed from Faith and Philosophy,
Thy heaven and earth-charged poles of Truth,
Thy "Summa" burns—the funeral pyre
Of Ignorance, the huge, uncouth
Grandsire of sophistry,
O Holy Ghost! may the flame blaze
Throughout all Christendom,
Adown the yet unpeopled days,
Till He shall come
To judge the generations
Of silenced nations!

The Catholic Church in Maine

THE KENNEBEC.

After the departure of Father Biard from the Kennebec in the Autumn of 1611, we find no further recorded visits of the early missionaries to this section of our State until late in the Summer of 1646. Thirty-five years thus passed by during which there was little else on the Kennebec, save the bartering here and there between the various commercial adventurers and the savages yet eager as of yore to change their furs for the trifling trinkets offered them by their European visitors. This exchange of commodities gradually called into existence the trading posts founded at an early date within the bounds of the Plymouth grant in the vicinity of which homes were eventually established. As early as 1623 there were settlers on Arrowsick Island, at Sheepscot, at Damariscotta, at Pemaquid, and St. George.

On the issuing of the Plymouth Patent January 13, 1629, trading stations were established at Popham's fort, at Richmond's landing and at Cushnoc, now Augusta in connection with which we note such well known names as Edward Winslow, John Alden, Miles Standish, and Governor Bradford.

But while the Kennebec Indians were bartering with and partaking of the Pilgrim's hospitality, they do not seem to have forgotten or neglected their journeys up the river, across the height of land over to Megantic, thence down the bounding Chaudiere to the struggling French settlements in and about Quebec. Who first blazed the trail up the Kennebec across Carry Ponds, up the Dead river, thence to Lake Megantic will never be known, any more than we can at this time determine how frequent was the intercourse between the Indians living in the valley of the Kennebec and those of the great St. Lawrence. Many who had first made the acquaintance of the Black Robes during their few visits along our coast had doubtless again encountered them in the Christian Indian villages along the St. Lawrence. While there seems to have been some common bond between them, they at times had their differences, and it is not improbable that it was one of these chance misunderstandings which brought the Christian teachings more vividly before our Kennebec Indians. Many practices very common in the past were no longer possible in the light of Christianity. An Indian brave, the possessor of two wives, rather than to submit, is said to have left the Algonquin tribes on the St. Laurence and

to have come among their brethren on the Kennebec where he was murdered in a drunken brawl. The return of his surviving widowed wife, the other having died on the way, to the Canadian tribe would naturally have called for revenge, had not two of the Abenakis chiefs arrived about the same time to make amends which would hardly have been accepted had not two Christian Sillery chiefs, John Baptist Etinechkawat, and Christmas Negabamat intervened and so disposed matters as to end the unfortunate affair in an alliance of friendship which ever after endured. Shortly afterwards in the fall of 1643 a Christian Indian from Sillery came and passed the winter among the Indians on the Kennebec. Did one of Maine's first missionaries, good Father Masse now living in retirement at Sillery inspire his coming? Father Masse doubtless remembered his stay among the Indians of Maine, and with that longing common to a missionary's heart for the completion of his work, quietly prepared his neophite Charles Mejachkawat for the Kennebec Apostolate. Here he passed the winter of 1643 and '44 doing genuine missionary work, teaching in his simple manner the Christian faith; eloquently extolling its virtues not only among the Indians but even within the walls of the Pilgrim trading post at Cushnoc. In the spring he returned to Sillery but not alone for one of the chiefs who had already visited the Canadian Indian missionary station as an ambassador in 1641 now came again to crave the grace of baptism.

His prayer was granted, and whatever may have been his Indian name we know not, but the records show that he was given the Christian name of John Baptist and had for sponsor Governor Montmagny. First of his tribe to receive the regenerating waters of baptism, John Baptist fresh from the baptismal font, in all the enthusiasm of a new born Christian thought only of returning, and the day when he might share these priceless favors with his beloved people. Setting out at once alone, his return was intercepted by a party of Iroquois who slew him, thus adding to the grace of Baptism, perchance that of martyrdom. John Baptist was not however destined to be the only fruit of Charles Mejachkawat's stay among the Indians of the Kennebec. As is ever the case, the seed sown on good soil produced fruit for it is only a year or so later, in the Summer of 1646 that we have a delegation at Sillery asking that a Father be sent to live among them. It was on the twelfth of May, 1646, that Father Masse had gone to his eternal reward. As one of the first missionaries to bless the soil of Maine, he had doubtless offered many a prayer for the conversion of her children. It was on the eve of the Assumption just three months after his burial that the delegation reached Sillery. The following day August 15th, 1646, in all the royalty of their savage state, the Indian chiefs pleaded their cause before the

assembled fathers. The occasion was certainly an unusual one, for heretofore it had been necessary to go and impose oneself on the Indians but now here were the representatives of a great tribe making an appeal to the fathers to come and labor among their people. The field was in truth promising, and the humble sons of Loyola were not the ones to neglect a soil which gave hopes of such an abundant harvest. A decision was soon reached and a father chosen for the work.

The man selected to carry the cross from Sillery down through the forest primeval to Maine was one who had already given evidences of his zeal for his sublime vocation, and whose love of sacrifices of the missionary life was unsurpassed, one whose name is destined to endure in the annals of our State, not only as a Christian teacher but as an accomplished diplomat, Father Druillettes.

Born in old France, September 29th, 1610, Gabriel Druillettes was in the prime of his life when he came to Maine. In company with Fathers Chabanel and Garreau, he had on the 15th of August, 1643, arrived at Quebec from France. Having in a very short time mastered the Algonquin language, he was in the fall of 1644 sent to accompany a band of Christian Algonquins on their long winter hunt during which it was his custom to hold services and instruct his people with the same regularity as would have been the case had he been in charge of a well organized parish; thus notwithstanding the inconveniences of the journey and the rigors of the season, morning and evening prayers were said in common, the daily mass offered, the Sundays and feast days duly observed. Wherever they chanced to rest from the fatigues of the hunt, the first work on hand was to erect the litle improvised chapel in some sheltered nook in the midst of the vast forest; here their devotions were performed with a fervor equal to that of the primitive Christians. So great had been the effect of the Christian religion on the savage child of nature, so changed were his inclinations, that even Parkman felt himself carried away by the sublime manifestation of Christian charity on the part of the Indians. But all the missionary's devotedness, and his love of sacrifice could not save him from the inevitable sufferings and afflictions entailed by such a rigorous journey. The many privations of the ordinary necessities of civilized life, the smoky camps, the countless miseries entailed by the savage and wandering life shattered his vigorous or strong constitution to such an extent that for a time he even lost his sight which according to common belief was afterwards miraculously restored to him. Such had been Father Druillette's immediate preparation for his journey to the Kennebec.

Leaving Sillery, August 29th, after having offered his early morning mass, and made his final adieus to his superior and

brother missionaries who had little else to offer him except their blessings and good wishes, Father Druillettes unencumbered save by the few articles necessary for the celebration of the holy sacrifice of the Mass together with a limited supply of simpler necessities of life, accompanied perchance by the delegation which had come to call the missionary for services in their tribal homes, entered one of their barken canoes for the journey of 90 miles or more up the Chaudiere to Lake Megantic thence across the divide to the Kennebec. Being in all probability the first European to enter our State from the North, we can in a way easily imagine the unrivaled scenes constantly opening up before his enraptured eyes as they paddled their frail bark mile after mile up the Chaudiere and down the Kennebec. The lofty overhanging virgin pines, the trailing birches, the lower yet substantial hemlocks, the now much sought spruce, greeted them at every turn. At the close of each day, they doubtless sought one of the beautiful and secluded spots on shore where after their frugal repasts and evening prayers, they retired to their improvised beds for rest with their thoughts on the morning mass and new vistas in store for them. To canoe up the Chaudiere through Lake Megantic towards the Maine border consumed but a few days. After leaving Lake Megantic they probably crossed the divide or height of land to enter the Dead river at its source. There may have been a beaten path along which they easily followed until they again found sufficient water to give them rapid transportation. Coming to where that beautiful inland village of Stratton now stands, thence following the course of the winding river as it circles about the base of towering Bigelow to Flagstaff and Dead River. At this town they perhaps left the Dead river to take the trail overland through the Carry ponds and down the rapidly descending country to enter the Kennebec a few miles below the village of Caratunk. If Father Druillettes had found his trip thus far varied and entrancing, the beauties of the natural scenery along the Kennebec yet in store must have surpassed his wildest expectations. There is perhaps no part of Maine more beautiful or more sought by the tourist of today than that of the trip up or down the Kennebec. For whether we follow up the meandering river by the well travelled roads that at times seem to cling as it were to its rapidly declining banks, carefully picking our way around the lofty head lands,—or enter its rippling waters at Dead River junction, thus to allow ourselves to be wafted down its quickly descending course, new scenes of beauty in nature unsurpassed, are constantly being unfolded before us.

Thus it was with Father Druillettes for while his journey to Maine had its dangers, it was not however devoid of pleasures; in truth, apart from the pleasing anticipations of sowing

OLD NARANTSOUAC.

the Gospel seeds among the Aborigines, the consolations of his daily Mass, the vision of the virgin forests and untouched nature certainly must have proven invigorating, nay more, charming beyond measure to our lone missionary, the first white man privileged to behold the beauties whose remains we know so well today.

And thus he came to old Narantsouack. "The Place of those who travel by water." As we stand today on the rising ground just below Madison and look down river over the site where a departed race once lived, we feel that the view before us is but little different from that which Father Druillettes was privileged to witness on that Summer day early in September 1646. If the scene before us is beautiful now it was more so then. The alluvial deposits of ages, the intervals rising just a little above the level of the river were cleared and tilled then as today. We might therefore have seen on that September day the fields of golden corn responding to the gentle zephyrs, or ripening beneath the rays of the Autumn sun. The first frost may perchance have just touched the surrounding foliage giving to it those many variegated tints, while in the distance like a silver thread winding as it were among the lofty pines, those towering giants of our forests that have now disappeared, we now and then catch a glimpse of the sparkling waters of the Sandy River on its way to join the Kennebec just opposite Narantsouak. And Old Point practically the same today, save that the virgin forests have disappeared; save that the Indian canoes tethered along the river banks; save that the rustic wigwams; save that the Indian braves have all passed and gone. It was about the middle of September when Father Druillettes, his friend the faithful Noel Negabamat reached Narantsouak. Here the party tarried for several days. There was doubtless feasting and rejoicing in the village. The black robed Jesuit found himself at home, a welcome visitor in all their lodges. He found their hearts as ready to receive his message as he was eager to begin his work. He had of course first to grapple with their language which he found quite different from the Algonquin tongue he had so thoroughly mastered when on the St. Lawrence. Endowed by nature, as well as specially favored by God, he soon learned enough of their language to enable him to begin his Christian work among them, to hasten the conversion of the sick and dying, to arrange for the baptism of the infants, to prepare the field for the great future harvest.

After a week or so at Narantsouak, they journeyed down the river to visit the neighboring villages and especially the English trading post at Cushnoc. That Father Druillettes should want to meet his European neighbors was natural, and a thorough understanding seems to have been established between the missionary and the Plymouth Agent from their first meeting.

Even though Father Druillettes and the Pilgrim commander John Winslow were unable to speak each other's language, yet their trust of each other was mutual, and the hospitalities of the post were freely extended to humble son of Loyola. The stay at Cushnoc appears to have been short, for the Father soon returned again up river, evidently to Narantsouak, apparently worried about the sick people whom he visited on his arrival, anxious to further instruct them, possibly that they might receive not only baptism but even extreme unction and Holy Viaticum should he be able to sufficiently prepare them. This duty fulfilled he again returned to the hospitable English post where as the Relation of 1647 tells us, "He remained some time,—always behaving as master when it was necessary to speak of Christian truths, and as a scholar when it was necessary to learn the rudiments of a language which was unknown to him. His recourse to God, and confidence in him, obtained for him a blessing almost miraculous: even the Abenaquis, and later the Algonquins and the French, were astonished that, in so little time, he had become so familiar with that language."

He had now been on the river about a month, it being about the middle of October, he again visited "Old Point" giving additional evidence of his interest in the sick Indians "who were sighing after him,—for he served them with both hands; he was winning their souls through the care that he gave their bodies; he watched them, served them, and carried food to them; and if some morsel were given to him they were sure that it was for them. God blessed his charity through several very notable and little hoped-for cures which caused him to be sought by little and great."

It must have consequently been some little time after the middle of Oct., 1646 when he made his third visit to his friend Winslow, but he had now returned with the intention of calling on the various settlements lower down the Kennebec, especially at Richmond's Landing, at Popham's fort, going thence for a short call on the settlers at Arrowsick Island, at Sheepscot, at Damariscotta, at Pemaquid, at St. George, going perhaps even out to Monhegan, visiting as the relation of 1647 tells us "seven or eight English settlements, at all of which he was received with a cordiality all the more extraordinary since it was little expected." Did Father Druillettes find in his travels any English Catholic settlers? That he had this object in view would seem certain, and when we remember that there were Catholic members in the Plymouth Company, it would hardly seem unreasonable to suppose that he came in contact with not a few Catholics during his tour among the English settlements. The missionary undoubtedly knew or had already heard of the French trading post at Pentegoet and the work there under the Capuchin Fathers. When at Monhegan of St. George, it

seemed only a short distance to the hospice or on Penobscot Bay, so being desirous of spending a few days in the society of his fellow countrymen, Father Druillettes had his frail canoe paddled along the shore up through the Mussel Ridges thence by the Fox Islands to East Penobscot Bay, with Islesboro on his left and Deer Isle on his right, he must have passed under the frowning headlands of Cape Rosier a little home of the Cato Castine Harbor, "where he found a little home of the Capuchin Fathers, who embraced him with the love and charity which may be expected of their goodness. The Reverend Father Ignace of Paris, their superior gave him all possible welcome. After having refreshed himself some time with these good Fathers he reenters his bark boat, and returns to the English settlements which he had visited on the way." Thus is his visit to Pentegoet described in the Jesuit Relations of 1647, which continue to render testimony to the cordial manner in which he was received on his way back to Cushnoc, and the complimentary letters given him by the various commanders or agents at the posts along the way, especially that of Sieur Chaste, probably Abraham Shurt of Pemaquid," in which he declared that he had observed nothing in the Father which was not praiseworthy; that he was not at all inclined to trade; that the Savages rendered him this testimony; that he thought only of their salvation instruction, and came to procure their salvation at the expense of his own life,—in a word that he admired his courage."

Father Druillettes' Voyage from Augusta or Cushnoc to Castine in a birch bark canoe, while of course quite possible today, would nevertheless be considered no small undertaking for a mid-summer outing, but when we remember it must have been near the end of October if not well into November when he returned, we may well realize that the zealous Father was no stranger to hardship and exposure.

Returning to Cushnoc, he perhaps remained a few days with Agent Winslow, before betaking himself again to his work among the Indians, on which occasion he does not appear to have judged it necessary to locate at Narantsouak, but chose to remain at a little Indian Village on one of the river points about a league above the Plymouth Post. There were probably quite a number of savages here, for the Relations tell us that they had fifteen large cabins. Since his relations with the English were so amicable, the missionary was not adverse to settling nearby, in fact it is quite evident that they encouraged him to remain. To render his work more effective the need of a house specially adapted for religious services was at once necessary. But how provide it? According to his reports, there were apparently at hand some boards or planks which may have been furnished by the Pilgrim traders. A few stakes set

in the earth to which the plank were fastened with the old time forged nails, a thatch covering of spruce, hemlock, fir, or cedar bows, a little rustic altar in the farther end, a floor cover of skins, a prevalence of the forest aroma within, the whole surmounted by the Christian symbol of Salvation, the Cross. Picture to your mind kind reader such a building, and you have before you the chapel of "Our Lady of the Assumption" the first church erected for Catholic services within the borders of the State of Maine.

Father Druillettes had arrived in Canada on the feast of the Assumption 1643; it was on this same feast day that the Kennebec Indians had made their formal application for a missionary to the Jesuit house at Sillery 1646; it was on this same day that he had been selected, and what more appropriate than that the first chapel in New England, however humble, should bear the name of her who was so identified with the undertaking. Tradition places this primitive house of Catholic worship on or near what has since been called Gilley's Point within the limits of the present city of Augusta. Here he taught the Indians their first real Christian lessons and gave them their first experiences in the practice of the Christian religion. He taught them the practice of self-denial when he asked them to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors then working such sad havoc among them; he taught them the practice of self restraint to such an extent, that peace and harmony became more prevalent among them: he taught them that there was only one God whom alone they must honor and adore, hence all their manitous, charms, etc., must be cast aside. These three reforms brought a wonderful change in the Indian's life, for he learned thereby to control his savage appetite, to restrain a nature quick to resent insult or injury, and what was more than all else, he found himself brought to place his trust in God rather than in inanimate creatures.

"The Father remained," so the Relations state, "until the month of January in the midst of these fifteen cabins, instructing in public and private; having the Savages pray; visiting, consoling and helping the sick,— with great hardships, in truth, but diluted with a dew and cordial from Heaven, which sweetens the greatest bitterness. God does not allow himself to be conquered he pours forth his gifts just as well upon crosses of iron as upon those of gold or silver. It is not a small joy to baptise thirty persons prepared for death and for Paradise."

Such were his consolations which served to lighten the missionary's many weary hours, his many lonely moments, his many periods perchance of discouragements.

The coming of January saw the whole tribe off on their great Winter hunt to Moosehead Lake where "they declared war on the Deer, the Elks, the Beavers, and other wild beasts." The

ON THE WAY TO MOOSEHEAD.

experiences of Father Druillettes on this trip, were the same as he already had during the winter he had spent with the Algonquins in the depth of the Canadian wilds; the same daily duties, the same trials and privations, the same sufferings all patiently endured and lightened by the fact that his whole heart and soul was in the work of the Lord and the salvation of souls, so that wherever their wanderings led him he was constantly busied refuting the efforts of the sorcerers, ministering to the sick, instructing the neophites, baptizing the children, and bringing consolation to the dying.

Thus the days passed until their return to St. Mary's of the Assumption and their camping grounds. It was now spring; the maize had to be planted; the winter catch of furs exchanged for the various commodities at the trading post where there was also good news for Father Druillettes. His friend Winslow had spent the winter at Boston and Plymouth. He had here taken up the question of the Father's stay at Cushnoc and had given a favorable impression to the Pilgrim authorities, concerning the missionary's motives. His honesty was unquestioned and "all unanimously approved his design frankly saying that it was a good, laudable, and generous action to instruct the Savages, and that God should be blessed for it." Besides lauding the work of the missionary, the company told Captain Winslow, "said that Captain, named sieur Hoinsland," Father Druillettes thus writes his friend's name, "to convey word to you that, if you wish to bring hither some French and build a house on the river Kinibeki, they will permit you to, very gladly; and that you will not be in any way molested in your functions. If you were there," he added, "several Englishmen would come and visit you,"—intimating that there were some Catholics among the English of these regions.

This was doubtless pleasing news to Father Druillettes who was now on the point of returning to Sillery. He told Governor Winslow that he would gladly place the whole matter before his superior at Quebec and that he had no doubt but that the matter would be considered, and should it be judged feasible, he might soon expect to hear from him.

Bidding the man who had treated him so kindly while at Cushnoc, an affectionate adieu, the Jesuit Father on the 20th of May turned his footsteps towards Quebec. He passed on his way up river some little time at the various settlements, administering the sacraments, consoling the sick, finding on all sides "regret at their Father's departure." "Thou afflictest our minds," said some, "when thou speakest to us of thy departure and of the uncertainty of thy return." "We will say," said others, "that Father Gabriel does not love us and does not care that we die, since he abandons us."

Thus he journeyed on to Quebec, accompanied by a party of about 30 devoted adherents who in a way served to grace his triumphal return, for his mission to the Kennebec had been a success both among the Indians as well as at the Plymouth trading posts along the river.

Though his journey had been an arduous one, and though he had suffered much from privation and exposure, he was nevertheless "full of health" when he entered the gates of Quebec June 15, 1647.

AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

As o'er the cross resplendent, thrills
The blood the Sacred Heart distills,
Comes to my ardent soul the call,
Thou art "my refuge and my all."

So precious is the stream that flows,
That the glad earth rejoicing, knows
Its Saviour—and its roseblooms vie,
For Him to live, for Him to die.

M. V.

March 17th, 1914

The passing of the feast of Ireland's Glorious Apostle, as well as one of our chief patrons, was this year duly observed in the different churches of the Diocese of Portland, by appropriate singing and eloquent sermons suitable to the occasion. Coming as St. Patrick's feast does in the midst of the Lenten season, we find it hardly possible to give utterance to those sentiments so natural to the Celt when it is a question of honoring the Apostole of his forefathers, hence while always modified by the period of penitential austerities, the religious side of Erin's great Christian teacher is duly emphasized by the Church observance and semi-religious civic exercises held in his honor.

We are pleased to note that there were entertainments of this nature at Houlton, Bath and Portland. At Houlton apart from the musical offerings, patriotic hymns, there was a deeply interesting lecture by that noted jurist, His Honor Judge Carleton of Woodstock, Canada.

The celebration held in City Hall, Portland, was so well arranged, carried out and reported by the Portland Argus, that we deem it best to record it as given by the Argus.

"The birth of Ireland's patron saint was fittingly observed at the City Hall auditorium last evening, when 425 pupils of the parochial schools held their annual St. Patrick's day concert. It was the most successful in the annals of the oldest patron, and the spacious hall was filled to overflowing. The concert was arranged and staged under the auspices of the Sisters of Mercy, for the benefit of St. Joseph's Home in Deering, and the work of the pupils reflects great credit upon the sisters for their painstaking care and tutelage. Following is the programme:

St. Patrick's Day, Chorus of Schools
Gowns and Dance of Long Ago,
Seniors of Catholic High School
The Dear Little Shamrock, Catholic Institute
Erin's Greeting—God Save All Here,
Ninth Grade, St. Dominic's School
Solo—My Queenly Island Home,
Miss Alice Norton, Catholic High School
My Wild Irish Rose, Ninth Grade, Kavanagh School
Solo and Chorus—I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen,
Miss Ursula Hassett, Catholic High School
Let Erin Remember Days of Old, Catholic Institute
Solo—Kitty Tyroll, Miss Ethel Cash, Catholic High School
Medley of Irish Airs, Chorus of Schools

Solo—The Little Irish Girl
Miss Ursula Hassett, Catholic High School
Oft in the Stilly Night, Select Chorus, Catholic High School
March of Our Nation, Chorus of Schools
Solo—My Laddie, Miss Alice Norton, Catholic High School
Bendemeer Stream, Chorus of Schools
Violin Solo, Master Arthur Manette, Catholic Institute
Echoes from Ireland, Chorus of Schools

Gillise's orchestra furnished the music, with Prof. George Quinby presiding at the piano.

During a brief intermission, Rev. T. H. Houlihan stepped to the front of the stage, and in a few brief remarks spoke of the significance of the day, and in conclusion thanked the audience for their generous patronage.

In the Gowns and Dances of Long Ago the seniors of the Catholic High School, with powdered hair and costumed in the gowns of long ago, made a very pretty appearance, and the steps that they went through spoke well for their tutors. The boys of the Catholic Institute, costumed in green cutaway coats with green caps, decorated with shamrocks, also made a very pleasing appearance, and their song brought forth great applause, and the little children of St. Dominic's school each bearing a letter which spelled "God Save All Here," brought forth favorable comment.

The work of the soloists, the Misses Alice Norton, Ethel Cash, Ursula Hassett and Master Manette, was very favorably received. Their stage appearance lacked none of the splendor of the professional, yet each retained their girlish sweetness in manner and voice, and at their conclusion they were the recipients of prolonged applause and were presented with bouquets by admiring friends.

In fact the work of all the students occasioned great applause, and it would indeed be unfair to single out any individual for honors in their respective parts."

The fact that the great boon for which the Irish people have for years been struggling, Home Rule for their country so sorely tried in the past seems about to be attained gave her Exiled children throughout the world additional reason for e-joicing not alone in her present prosperous condition but also in her promising future.

While she will no doubt continue to send her best to all parts of the world, and particularly to America, the land which not only gave them a welcome, but has been most generous in assisting the sorrowing ones of the "Ever Green Isle" during the dark and gloomy periods of her existence when she has had to endure foreign oppression in addition to her misfortunes at home.

Willing to forgive and forget the past, Ireland now serenely awaits the dawning of a better day, a day which will bring joy not only to her own fireside homes but will also gladden the hearts of her children beyond the seas. That her aspirations are destined to be realized in the near future seems to be the opinion of her peerless leader, Redmond, who when presiding over the Irish National banquet in London, on the evening of March 17, did not hesitate to announce while responding to the toast "Ireland a nation." "In a few short weeks, in the absence of a political earthquake, the home rule bill will become the law of the land, probably in precisely the form in which it now stands."

While willing to conciliate those of his misguided countrymen who seem to mistrust his motives, Mr. Redmond said, "These principles are our last word, beyond them one inch we cannot, and we will not go. If force is interposed that force will be met with force. The party of the democracy will be all the stronger because nationalist Ireland has shown that it has been willing to make a great sacrifice for peace."

The great Commoner now directing the helm of the British Empire has long since recognized the logic of the situation, and seems disposed to redeem his pledges. Mr. Asquith can well stake his reputation for an act of Justice on the part of England to her sister Isle with the firm assurance that as the years pass by, a grateful posterity will hold his memory in reverence, and should the day come when the clouds of adversity hover gloomily around Albion's rocky shores, she will have no truer friend or more loyal ally than the fair "Isle of the ocean."

MAUNDY THURSDAY.

"The gloom of impending sorrow pervades Maundy Thursday. Hence the Church on that day while rejoicing at the institution of the Holy Eucharist refrains from fully expressing her joy. True she has the *Gloria in Excelsis* sung and orders the bells to be rung, but this joyful outburst is succeeded by a mournful silence till Easter even. Yet the event commemorated is too wonderful to be allowed to pass with so little honor. A solemnity was, therefore, instituted in which there were to be only notes of triumph and thanksgiving and this is held later in the year on the great feast of Corpus Christi.

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Holy Week

Notwithstanding the fact that the Catholic Church takes her children yearly along the way of triumph from Bethany to Jerusalem, thence by the Via Dolorosa to Calvary, ere she places before them the glories of the resurrection, yet this week commemorative of Christ's sufferings, never fails to find a response in the Catholic heart which loves to trace anew the places hallowed by our Saviour's presence.

The blessing and distribution of the Palms on Palm Sunday morning, the procession and reading of the Passion, recall to our minds the triumphal entry of our Saviour to the Holy City, and places us at once as it were on the very threshold of this week of weeks which commemorates the many stirring events in the last days of our Most Blessed Redeemer.

In spirit the triumphal procession of the Palms is again made; the temple again visited; the casting out of the buyers and sellers; the last days of discussion and heroic effort on the part of the Saviour to win the Jewish people; His sorrowful departure from the house of His Father; the bitterness of His Divine Heart as He sat at eventide on the slopes of Mount Olivet and foretold the penalty of His rejection, the destruction of Sion and its people are all witnessed again.

Maundy Thursday, the dark and gloomy clouds of sorrow are for the moment parted, permitting us to behold in the supper hall the fulfillment of that golden promise made the year before on the shores of Generaseth. As we kneel before the repository on Holy Thursday, it all comes back to us: we see the celebration of the last Pasch; the enactment of that great act of love, the institution of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, the first Holy Communion, the first Ordination, the Commission to continue the perpetual sacrifice of the New Law as foretold by Malachias long years before, the blessings, the consolation of the Holy Eucharist for the generations past, present and future all well up before us during our silent hour of adoration.

Thence to Gathsemani for the midnight hours of prayer and agony; thence to the tribunals of Herod and Pilate where the word Justice is unknown; thence on the morn of Good Friday to begin the "Via Dolorosa", the sorrowful journey, the toilsome ascent of Calvary's heights there to behold the consummation of redemption's awful sacrifice, the greatest act of love that can be shown "For greater love than this no man hath, that he lay down his life for his friend", but the love of Christ goes far-

ther, His life, His passion, His death, all for the salvation of mankind.

From the gloom of Calvary, from the darkness of the tomb, Mother Church soon takes us to all the joys and glories of the resurrection morn, thereby proving to us that Christ "Had the power to lay down His life and to take it up again."

Holy Thursday

I wish I were the little key
That locks love's Captive in
And lets Him out to go and free
A sinful heart from sin.

I wish I were the chalice fair,
That holds the Blood of Love,
When every flash lights holy prayer
Upon its way above.

I wish I were the little flower
So near the Host's sweet face,
Or like the light that half an hour,
Burns on the shrine of grace.

I wish I were the altar where,
As on His mother's breast,
Christ nestles, like a child, fore'er
In Eucharist rest.

But oh! my God, I wish the most
That my poor heart may be
A home all holy for each Host
That comes in love to me!

Rev. Abram J. Ryan.

Maine's Early Irish Colonist

The part of Maine towards which the tide of Celtic immigration seems to have turned at an early date is that section now known as Lincoln County where the constant influx of Catholic settlers eventually necessitated the erection of chapels at Newcastle and North Whitefield thus laying the foundations for the first parish organized by the Church in Maine for her Celtic children. Just who was the first arrival would be hard to determine for while many of the names of the early inhabitants would seem to bespeak a Celtic origin, so few are the details at hand, and so distant their day that it seems best to leave the question, as have all writers as far as we have been able to examine, an open one.

In the fall of 1646 Father Druillettes visited the different settlements in this vicinity both going and on his return from the French trading post at Castine. Whilst he was cordially welcomed we have no certain data that there were any Catholics among the hundred or thereabouts, English families then occupying the southern extremity of the present Lincoln County. Taking the number under consideration, it would not be unreasonable to suppose there were some Catholics among them, and that their spiritual needs led the father to tarry here and there among them.

But whatever may have been the religion or nationality of the families that extended their hospitality to the Jesuit father, they were about all destined to disappear amid the throes of the Indian wars so soon to burst upon them, leaving their homes and farms in ruins.

With the coming of peace, a great many families from the North of Ireland now came and took up the abandoned country, about all of whom are said to have been Protestants. Some of them were apparently well to do, since they came in their own vessels bringing with them their families and servants.

This was shortly following 1729, in the spring of which year David Dunbar, probably a native of Ireland, came to Maine, with a royal commission authorizing him to rebuild the fort at Pemaquid and repeople the wasted country.

As a promoter he was successful in inducing many of his countrymen to come and settle in Bristol and vicinity. Among the fifty or sixty families who responded to Dunbar's overtures, we might mention John North who came here about 1731; not long after the Cooper family with many followers came in their own vessel to Pemaquid. On an old map of Bristol and

Bremen, we note a few of the Irish families living here in 1751, such as Moses Young, William Sproul, James Sproul, Robert Sproul, John North, James North, James Young, Patrick Rodgers, etc., all of whom had in company with many others within a few years come from Ireland.

We may well imagine that these years were trying ones for the early settlers. To show in part their struggle to maintain themselves, we will quote at length from a deposition made by Samuel McCobb Oct. 23, 1772 which may be seen in the archives of the State House at Boston.

After speaking about the manner in which Dunbar had brought them to Bristol and had them settle on a certain neck of land bounded on the sea, and lying between the Sheepscot and Damariscotta Rivers," subject to conditions named, he places their situation before us. "The lands," said McCobb in his depositions, "being naturally broken and poor, and more especially then in their wild uncultivated state, and the settlers coming there generally in low circumstances, and most of them (as being from Britain and Ireland) utterly unacquainted with the mode of managing lands in that state, little of the necessaries of life was raised from the soil, their whole living depended on cutting firewood and carrying it to Boston and other towns more than one hundred and fifty miles from them; hence the settlers lived, from the first, exposed to the utmost extremities of indigence and distress, and at the same time in continual alarms from the savages all around, till in the year 1745, when murders and depredations on their borders forced them from their habitations to seek shelter in the westward, where they were scattered in a strange country at nearly two hundred miles distant from their home, for five years."

"In October, 1749, as soon as the news of peace reached them, this deponent with many of his former neighbors ventured back to their said settlements where they had scarce finished the repairs of their wasted cottages and improvements, when in a year or thereabouts, the Indians, though in a time of peace, fell on their neighborhood, burnt barns, killed many cattle, attacked the little garrison kept by the people, carried away a number of men and women and children into captivity. By this the deponent and his neighbors were obliged to flee to the little fortress they had raised for themselves where they lived and defended themselves as they might, not daring to look after their plantations, by which means the little provisions then growing for their support the next winter, were chiefly destroyed; whereby, when they returned to their places, little better than the horrors of famine were in prospect; many were obliged to live by clams, only, which they dug out of the mud when the tides were down; thus they subsisted in general till the late war with France broke out, when, though their cries were sent up to the government for some protection in this settlement, which they still

held in the King's behalf, and from which should they again be driven they knew not where to seek a place of abode, yet no defense or assistance went to or a morsel of bread was allowed them, but such as they found themselves, by garrisons and guards for of their own where their families lives in constant terror and alarm from the savages who ranged the wilderness all around, till the late peace was concluded, when their settlements increased much by new comers from the western parts."

In the midst of all this adversity, we may reasonably presume, that the Old Country traditions were kept up, that the ready wit of the Celt was as ever in evidence, and that were one privileged to pass among them as an observer, he would hardly have realized that he was in America instead of Ireland, so well had the old time Christian names and numerous families been preserved.

With the close of the Indian wars, and the coming of peace between France and England, the rapid growth of the town justified its incorporation under the name of Bristol. In its first organized government, we notice the prevalence of the Celt. At its first town election March 13, 1766 held at the home of Henry Hunter, we have as selectmen and assessors, James Boyd, James Huston, and Robert Sproul; Town clerk, Henry Hunter; Town treasurer, Patrick Rodgers.

Up to this date there does not appear to have been any established church among them and when the question was brought up in town meeting, as one would naturally expect, there was much controversy which was finally settled by authorizing the selectmen to arrange the matter as they could.

With the Old Country element so numerous, there were undoubtedly many Catholic Irishmen among them if such names as Peter Murphy, John Conally, Cornelius Malone, James Hynes mean anything, hence when it came to a question of church building where all would be taxed and forced to pay their proportional part, with a slight remembrance of former town meetings among the Celts, we may well realize that the discussions were long and warm.

To this add that there were in all probability apostate Catholics among them who had recently laid aside the Old Faith of their forefathers to take up that of the reformers; then the fact that in all the recent Indian wars when the Aborigines were struggling to hold their former haunts and hunting grounds, the Catholic Church had necessarily been embroiled in the controversy from the fact that her devoted missionaries who had labored and had wrought the conversion of the natives to their Holy Faith, were living among them, with their interests at heart, we readily see how impossible it was for them to have escaped the ill-will of the colonists, or the Church which they represented to have avoided their supreme displeasure.

People as a rule see only their own side of a question. On the present occasion, some of our Celtic friends had suffered severely; some were descendants of a Protestant ancestry; some we are sorry to say were apostates, others may have been Catholics, and we all know to-day how bitter were the feelings of those early days in the formation of our country.

The church question thus became the live wire of the town, was thrashed out in different town meetings from 1766 to 1772 when it was "voted that the people of this town submit themselves to the Boston Presbytery," and the so-called Harrington, Broad Cove, and Walpole meetinghouses were eventually erected.

Taking all these Celtic names which we find on the various records of Lincoln County, and there are many of them, we in truth find little evidence of any Catholicity among them until we come to the years immediately preceding the Revolution. Lincoln County now had a population of about 5000 which would seem to justify our believing that there must have been many Catholic settlers among them. Being however in a minority, poor, in the midst of many hostile to their religion, and not being regularly visited by any priest, they either allowed their Holy Faith to go by default or made little effort to practice it.

In those days when the helps towards the maintenance of their religion were so few, it is not surprising that so many gradually lost their Faith or succumbed to the many inducements constantly held out for the adoption of another. While we can never excuse their laying aside, that which should have been of more value than all else, yet we must be more tolerant towards them than we can possibly be in the case of the many to-day following in their footsteps. Both Churches and Priests are numerous in our Diocese, and very few are so situated as not to easily find means of keeping up their religious practices, yet the general tendency of the day is to neglect one's obligations to God, and that too not unfrequently even within the shadow of the Church and the call of the priest.

The passing and closing of the Revolution, the independence of the colonies was followed by the coming of a class of immigrants whose practical sacrifices in the behalf of the Catholic Faith led to the organization of the first English speaking parish in Maine where the Faith of a sturdy people, nourished and fostered by such men of God as Romagné, Martignon, Cheverus, will be treated in future articles under a title as regards religion admitting of no discussion, namely "Maine's Early Catholic Celtic Colonies."

Historical and Magazine Notes

Mrs. Elizabeth Lee of Manchester, N. H., mother of Rev. R. F. Lee, of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Portland, Me., died recently at the age of eighty years. She was the widow of John Lee.

Mrs. Lee was a witness of the great growth of the Church in Manchester, which from a small beginning has become a flourishing center of religion. She was a faithful daughter of the Church and a woman of noble character. Her funeral was attended by many priests and members of religious orders.

Since we are now nearing Easter Sunday, it may perhaps interest our readers to have recalled the first observance of this greatest of Christian festivals in the State of Maine. While we cannot give any certain data as to the first Easter Sunday celebration, we believe it probably first took place in "Old Pentegoet" (Castine) shortly after 1635. There however appears to be no reasonable doubt but that the Easter festival of 1647 was observed in the little chapel of "Our Lady of the Assumption" situated on the banks of the Kennebec just above Augusta, by Father Druillettes ere he returned to Quebec from his first missionary trip to Maine.

We recommend to the prayers of our readers, the temporal and spiritual well being of the devoted pastor of St. Augustine's Church, Augusta, Me. The Christian patience and resignation of Father LaRivière has for some months past been sorely tried by a fatal malady which refuses to respond to medical treatment.

The Rev. Alphonse LaRivere has been an exemplary and faithful laborer in these parts of the Lord's vineyard, and the hearts of both the clergy and laity have in sympathy gone out to him and his during his long and trying illness.

The current number of "The Lamp" comes to us filled with interesting and instructive articles. We are pleased to note that its circulation is increasing thus enlarging its field of usefulness.

"Conferences with our Separated Brethren" and the continuation of the "Open Letter of the Bishop of Zanzibar" on the Kikuyu incident are especially timely, and should prove instructive not only to Catholics who rejoice in the possession of an infallible authority to whom all such questions may be referred for final judgment, but also to those of our separated

brethren of the Anglican church now vainly seeking a decision on one of the most vital points of their belief.

The present number of the Lamp also records the usual goodly number of honest and well disposed people who have recently entered the Catholic Church. As a convert maker, in addition to the grace of God always necessary, the Lamp in its present form should be very helpful to all seekers after truth.

Another great aid in this timely work is "The Missionary," edited by the Paulists Fathers, and "devoted to the conversion of America." Some very interesting historical sketches are now being published in its columns on the "Old California Missions."

Looking over the table of contents of this much read monthly, one sees a great variety of articles all closely in touch with all the great religious problems of the day, questions of both a controversial and devotional nature which are treated with the usual Paulists delicacy in placing all these deeply important matters before the American public.

The difficulty now besetting the established church of England offer the example of the communion partaken of by the different churches at the altar of a little Angelican church in an obscure African village is duly considered.

The various reports from the Paulist missionary laborers in different parts of our country, show the usual returns from their labors in the abundant harvest of conversions; then we find many of those deeply interesting stories illustrative of the workings of our Holy Faith written by such writers as the Rev. Richard Alexander, so that all in all between current statistics of missionary news, historic, doctrinal, devotional subjects ably treated, the March number of the Missionary is a very readable offering.

The retiring editor of "America" is receiving many complimentary notices from the secular as well as the religious or Catholic press of our country which shows the appreciation and esteem in which the late editor of America is held by the reading public of this country.

Father Campbell is no stranger here in Maine, for apart from the fact that he has gone over our fields in the preparation of his publication of the "Pioneer Priests of America" some of whom were the valiant apostles of the Faith in our State,—he has appeared on four special historic occasions, namely 1st. At the laying of the corner stone of the now magnificent church of the Holy Redeemer at Bar Harbor; 2nd. At the fiftieth anniversary of the dedication of St. John's church, Bangor; 3rd. On the occasion of the reconstruction of Father Rale's monument at Madison; 4th. It was his privilege to again address a select audience at the dedication of the new church at Bar Harbor, in connection with the ter-centenary exercises.

While we therefore regret his retirement from the pages of the great Jesuit weekly, we rejoice to learn that his energies will be devoted to a yet little trodden field where under the title "Pioneer Catholic Laymen" we may in time expect that his prolific pen will give us in detail the life of many a Catholic heroic layman who did yeoman service in the early days of the Church in our country.

In the Boston Evening Transcript, Saturday, March 14, 1914, we are pleased to note the following announcement and summing up of the great work carried on in a quiet yet effective way by the Catholic Truth Society

"The international Catholic Truth Society will hold its fifteenth annual meeting on Thursday evening, Mach 26, in its headquarters at 407 Bergen St., Brooklyn. An interesting report on the work done the past year is anticipated.

The society was organized in 1899 in Brooklyn and was incorporated on April 24, 1900. Its objects are to answer inquiries concerning the Catholic Church; to correct misleading statements regarding it; to promulgate the interest of Catholic affairs through the medium of the press; to stimulate among the laity a desire for higher education and otherwise to encourage the circulation of Catholic literature. Twice a month it sends to the daily papers a column of note and comments about the present activities of the Church, the work of missionaries, reference to important new books and kindred topics.

The society now has agencies in about sixteen foreign countries, which furnish it with valuable and timely information both by mail and cable. It advances the cause of the Catholic Church by creating a taste for religious literature and by giving information concerning new books. It publishes general and special lists of Catholic works and these are sent to its members and to public libraries. A particular field of activity is in the publication and sale of pamphlets dealing with all sorts of religious subjects. It has sold hundreds of thousands of these and also a large number of those issued by the Truth Societies of the English-speaking world.

The society has a long list of members who mail regularly to poor Catholic families, or those living in isolated places, weekly journals or magazines, the names being furnished by the organization. Over 12 thousand families in the scattered parts of the United States and Canada, Newfoundland and Alaska are now receiving literature by this means.

Among the members of the society are four Cardinals, seventeen archbishops, fifty-eight bishops and 532 priests."

Any one carefully reading the Transcript's fair and carefully worded statements on the aims and purposes of "The International Catholic Truth Society" should be very grateful to this conservative paper for placing this important matter before its large circle of intelligent readers.